

The Mirror

OF

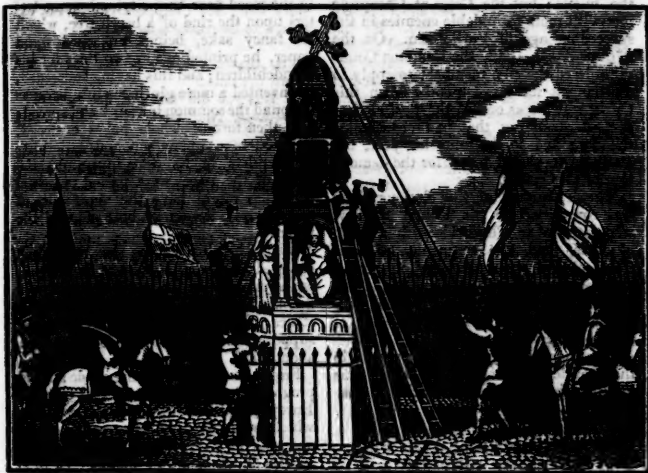
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXVI.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Ancient Cross in Cheapside.



Few streets are more celebrated in the history of London, than Cheapside, a place where the busy merchant, the heavy-loaded porter, the chivalrous knight, and even the monarch have played their parts. Tilt and tournaments have frequently been held in Cheapside, and at one of these martial sports, which a French king well observed, were too much for a jest, and too little for earnest, had nearly been attended with disastrous consequences. This was in the year 1329, when the lists were appointed between King-street and Wood-street: near the latter place a scaffold was erected across the street, "resembling a tower," says the historian Stowe, in which the Queen and principal ladies of the court were seated, to behold the spectacle. The joustings continued three days, on one of which the scaffold broke down and the Queen and many ladies were precipitated to the ground, but fortunately escaped unhurt. Edward III. threatened the builders with exemplary punishment, but through the intercession of Philippa (his Queen), made on her knees, the King and Council were pacified, whereby,

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says Stowe, "she purchased great love of the people."

A Cross formerly stood in Cheapside, just opposite to Wood-street. It was erected as a monument of the affectionate regard which Edward I. entertained for the memory of his Queen, Eleanor, who had been his companion in the Crusades, and who, according to report, had saved his life when wounded with a poisoned arrow, by sucking his wounds. The Cross at Cheapside, like that at Waltham, given in No. 55 of the *MIRROR*, was erected on one of the places where her corpse rested on its way from Hareby, in Lincolnshire, where she died, to Westminster Abbey, the place of her interment.

The Cross in Cheapside was originally a statue of the Queen, but becoming ruinous it was rebuilt in 1446 at the expense of the citizens. It was then ornamented with various images and emblematical figures of the Resurrection, the Blessed Virgin, Edward the Confessor, &c. and on the eve of every public procession the Cross was generally regilt.

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In the year 1581, after complaint had been made that the Cross was a nuisance, on the night of the 21st of June, the images round about the Cross were broken and defaced, and the image of the Virgin was robbed of that of her son, which she bore in her arms; the images were repaired, but were again demolished in 1596 with profane indignity. Queen Elizabeth did all in her power to restrain the bigots; but the Cross at Cheapside met with more formidable enemies in the succeeding age of Puritanism. On the 27th of April, 1642, the Common Council ordered the city members to apply to Parliament for leave to take down this Cross, which was one of the most elegant ancient structures that had ornamented the city; and in the following year, the Parliament passed a law for the demolition of all Crosses.

The destruction of this famous Cross was committed to Sir Robert Harlew, who marched to Cheapside with a troop of horse, and two companies of foot. The soldiers were necessary to protect the workmen from the indignation of the citizens, many of whom viewed with pain and regret the demolition of one of their proudest monuments.

Our engraving represents the position in the Gothic art, and at the same time exhibits the beauty of this ancient Cross.

THE INVENTION AND PROGRESS OF PRINTING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—To the art of printing we chiefly owe our deliverance from ignorance and error; the progress of learning; the revival of the sciences; and numberless improvements in the arts, which, without this noble invention, would have been either lost to mankind, or confined to the knowledge of a few.

Thus the art of printing deserves to be considered with respect and attention. From the ingenuity of the contrivance, it has ever excited mechanical curiosity; from its intimate connection with learning, it has justly claimed historical notice; and from its extensive influence on morality, politics, and religion, it is now become a very important speculation. Colours and taking impressions on wax are of great antiquity, and the principle is precisely that of printing. The application of this principle to the multiplication of books, constituted the discovery of the art of printing. The Chinese have for many ages printed with blocks, or whole pages engraved on wood; but the application of single letters, or moveable

types, forms the merit and superiority of the European art.

The honour of giving rise to this method has been claimed by the cities of Haarlem, Mentz, and Strasburg; and to each of these it may be ascribed in some degree, as printers resident in each made successive improvements in the art.

It is recorded by a reputable author, that one Laurentius, of Haarlem, walking in the wood near that city, cut some letters upon the rind of a beech tree, which for fancy sake, being impressed upon paper, he printed one or two lines for his grandchildren; and this having succeeded, he invented a more glutinous ink, because he found the common ink sunk and spread; and then formed whole pages of wood, with letters cut upon them, and (nothing is complete in its first invention) the sides of the pages were pasted together, that they might have the appearance of manuscripts, written on both sides of the paper.

These beechen letters he afterwards changed for leaden ones, and these again for a mixture of tin and lead, as a less flexible and more solid and durable substance. His first attempt to have been about 1439.

From this point printing made a rapid progress in most of the principal towns of Europe, superseded the trade of copyists, which was, till then, very considerable, and was in many places considered as a species of black art or magic. In 1450 it reached Constantinople, and was extended by the middle of the following century to Africa and America. It was introduced into Russia about 1560; but from motives, either of policy or superstition, it was speedily suppressed by the ruling powers.

Before 1485, the uniform character was the old Gothic or German-text; but in that year a book was printed in a kind of semi-gothic of great elegance, and approaching nearly to the present upright Roman type, which latter was first used in Rome, in 1467. Toward the end of the fifth century, Aldus invented the Italic character.

It was for a long time supposed that printing was first introduced and practised in England, by William Caxton, a mercer, and citizen of London; who, by many years residence in Holland, Flanders, and Germany, had informed himself of the whole process of the art, and by the encouragement of the great, set up a press in Westminster Abbey, in the year 1471. But a book has since been found, with a date of its impression, from Oxford, in 1468, which is considered as a proof

of the exercise of printing in that university several years before Caxton began to practise it in London.

March 12, 1824.

D. K. L.

LOVE RESTORED.

IN ANSWER TO LOVE OUT OF PLACE.*

Too true is the picture young Cupid has painted:
To live without him, oh! how vainly I strove;
I soon was too well with each passion acquainted;

That avoided my heart when 'twas guarded
by love.

Cold Friendship's stern maxims I soon dis-
garded,

For he sought the advance of each joy to
reprove;

From his seat in my heart he was quickly dis-
carded,

And I sigh'd for the easy compliances of Love.

Suspicion I own was a merciless traitor,

Who ne'er from the gate an enemy drove;

He quickly became an unfeeling dictator,

And I mourn'd when I thought of the mildness
of Love.

Pride, Envy, and Malice gained easy admission,

And each sought in turn their suggestions to
prove;

I expell'd from my heart the fell demon, Suspi-
cion,

And grieved that I ever had parted with Love.

Despair now presented to fill up the station,

And sought from my heart every hope to re-
move;

He admitted pale Sorrow, Remorse, and Vexa-
tion,

And with every harsh epithet vilified Love.

If Pity, thy sister, can sway thy decision,

Oh! once more return from the Cyprian grove,

At her soft persuasion forgive thy dismission,

For the heart must be broke if not guarded
by Love.

E. G. B.

* See Mirror, No. 72.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

IN two preceding Numbers of the MIRROR, we gave some observations of a correspondent on the best means of instructing those unfortunates who are born Deaf, and consequently are Dumb. In No. 74, we also gave a copy of the Manual Alphabet, which, though we doubt not is familiar to many of our readers, we have reason to believe has been very acceptable to the public; we at the same time adverted to a letter of the celebrated Dr. Wallis, from which we promised an extract. We shall, however, perhaps, best consult the general taste of our readers by a brief analysis, and then insert the concluding letter of our correspondent on the subject.

"It is most natural, as children learn the names of things," says Dr. Wallis, "to furnish them (by degrees) with a nomenclature, containing a competent number of names of things common and obvious to the eye, (that you may show the thing

answering to such a name,) and these digested under convenient titles, and placed under in such convenient order, (in several columns, or other orderly situation on the paper,) as (by their position) best to express to the eye their relation or respect to one another; as *Contraries* or *Correlatives* one against the other; *Subordinates* or *Appurtenances* under their principle, which may serve as a kind of *local memory*.

"Thus (in one paper) under the title *Mankind*, may be placed (not confusedly, but in decent order) man, woman, child, (boy, girl).

"In another paper, under the title *Body*, may be written (in like convenient order) head (hair, skin, ear), face, forehead, eye, (eyelid, eyebrow), &c.

"And when he hath learned the import of words in each paper, let him write them in like manner, in distinct leaves, or pages of a book, (prepared for that purpose,) to confirm his memory, and to have recourse to it upon occasion.

"In a third paper you may give him the *Inward Parts*, as skull, (brain), throat, &c.

"You may then put *Plants* or *Vegetables* under several heads or subdivisions of the same head. And the like of *Inanimates*, as heaven, sun, moon, star, element, earth, water, air, fire, &c.

"And in like manner from time to time may be added more collections, or clauses of names or words, conveniently digested under distinct heads and suitable distributions, to be written in distinct leaves or pages of his book, in such order as may seem convenient.

"When he is furnished with a competent number of names, it will be reasonable to teach him under the titles the elements of grammar, the qualities of things, &c. which he will readily learn.

"It will be convenient all along to have pen, ink, and paper ready at hand, to write down in a word what you signify to him by sounds, and cause him to write, or show him how to write, what he signifies by signs; which way of signifying their mind by signs, Deaf persons are often very good at. And we must endeavour to learn their language, if I may so call it, in order to teach them ours, by showing what words answer to their signs."

We now insert the letter of our correspondent, with which we take leave of the subject.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Agreeable to my promise, I have taken up my pen for the purpose of pointing out to you the great benefit and advantage that must arise by the education of the Deaf and Dumb with children who

can hear and speak, and the reverse if educated at a close Asylum, where none but the unfortunates are instructed.

Only for one moment let us consider the situation of a child born Deaf and Dumb, when he shows by all outward appearances that he possesses every sense but that of hearing. His sense of sight soon makes him sensible of beings, things, and objects, and by degrees he understands the use of them, and that without knowing a single letter or word. Now, put this child into a school where the children are all unfortunate like himself, what benefit can such children render to each other? and after all their education in such a school, when they return home, their parents, brothers, and sisters, should they have any, find that they should have gone to school with them in order to converse with them; nay, they soon discover that they cannot communicate their ideas to the child so well as before he went to the Asylum. This is one of the least of the evils arising from an Asylum education. To obviate this evil, send the child to a school in common with other children; let him learn a written language the same as them, and which he is as capable of doing; by this means the child will not only be able to exchange ideas with his parents, brothers, and sisters, but his neighbours; and his school-fellows will be equally happy in rendering the unfortunate child every assistance in their power, and, in many instances, would do it better than any one else, particularly when they saw by what simple means the child was taught the meaning of one word. It is not to be supposed that it will ever happen that the Deaf and Dumb who are educated at an Asylum will spend the remainder of their days together, or often see each other, after they leave the Asylum, although when at school they form an attachment for each other much stronger than other children, and separate from each other with greater reluctance and regret; this must be extremely painful to them, when they know they will have to join, as it were, a society of foreigners totally unacquainted with their language or manners. This is one of the greatest evils attached to the present system of educating them. Whereas, if they had the benefit of an education at a common school with other children less unfortunate, or with their parents and family, how happy, how contented must their feelings be, when they grow up in general society, and are capable of exchanging their ideas with all around them. Every thing that tends to do away the distinction between the fortunate and unfortunate, must be conducive to the com-

fort and happiness of the latter, and will enable them to fight their way through life with greater pleasure and satisfaction.

That parents in affluent circumstances, who have plenty of leisure time, should think of sending such a child to a school where none but the Deaf and Dumb are taught, is to me as unnatural as a mother who will send her babe to the breast of a stranger for food.

I cannot close this article without stating my opinion of the Deaf and Dumb Asylums, and the manner in which they have been established and supported. The first public Deaf and Dumb Asylum established in England, was opened in Grange Road, Bermondsey, by voluntary contributions in 1792, since which, a new one has been erected in the Kent Road. As soon as the superintendent had taught a few of his pupils to speak, he presented them to the public by means of advertisements, soliciting the benevolent public to attend at such a church and place, when a sermon would be preached by some eminent divine, and after which a collection would be made for the benefit of the establishment, and that the children would repeat the Lord's Prayer and a hymn, for the gratification of the public, and to show that their money had not been spent in vain. The very idea of teaching the Deaf and Dumb to speak was supposed to be such a miracle, that who would have believed it unless they had actually heard them? When they were heard to speak, how dissonant were their voices; it was even painful to hear them. The encouragement this establishment met with, soon induced the City of Edinburgh to come forward and propose a like Asylum there, and by the same means, a sum was raised for that purpose. I happened to be at Edinburgh a few years ago and attended at one of the annual meetings convened for the purpose of raising money, when it was observed by the superintendent, that as some of the company at the last annual meeting, had expressed a dislike to hear the poor children attempt to speak, it was not intended that they should do so on that day and it was omitted; which clearly justifies the *Encyclopædia Edinensis* when under the title "Deaf and Dumb" it is said "We do not contemplate the acquisition of speech on the part of the Deaf in any other light than as one of those sorts of feats in which the *eclat* and *fame* of the teacher are more promoted than the welfare of the pupil."

Lastly.—I shall conclude my observations by the following very just remarks in No. 52 of the *Quarterly Review*, on

"The Art of Instructing the Infant Deaf and Dumb," by Mr. Arrowsmith. It speaks volumes. The Reviewer says—

"To those who are still incredulous and feel an interest in the subject, we earnestly recommend the account which Mr. Arrowsmith gives of the plan adopted in educating his brother. And to render their conviction more certain, let them try the plan which he details. There are few neighbourhoods in which, unfortunately, a subject may not be found for such a purpose. Let him be regularly sent to any village school with other children. Let him be treated in all respects like them, and we venture to predict that it will be even impossible to prevent him from acquiring the knowledge of a medium which may enable him to converse with his youthful associates. The mind is fully as active and vigorous in the one as it is in the other; and the curiosity of a Deaf and Dumb child, being strongly excited by the objects which attract his attention, he can hardly fail to devise some means of obtaining from his companions the information which he wishes to procure.

"We are perfectly convinced that the Deaf and Dumb might be admitted with peculiar advantage, into seminaries in which children who hear and speak receive their instruction. The efforts which would be made by the latter class of pupils to explain their ideas to their less fortunate associates, would, in the end, prove highly beneficial even to themselves. It is well known that children frequently acquire a knowledge of words without comprehending the ideas of which they are representatives. A constant association with the Deaf and Dumb, would impose upon them the necessity of acquiring a precise conception of the words which they used, for the purpose of making them intelligible to their young companions.

"The advantages which would inevitably result from this admixture would be, therefore, mutual, and would much more than counterbalance any imaginary excess of skill which a teacher who confines himself to the sole instruction of the Deaf and Dumb may be supposed to possess. The admission of Deaf and Dumb pupils into establishments now exclusively devoted to the reception of those who can hear and speak, could, by no possibility retard the progress of the latter, while it would greatly facilitate the instruction of the former. Were the intercourse of the Deaf and Dumb to be confined in after life, to persons labouring under a similar misfortune, separate establishments for their education would

be recommended by reasons much more cogent than any which can be urged in their favour while it is remembered that, when they leave these institutions, they must converse principally, if not exclusively with persons who hear and speak."

If any of your numerous correspondents can suggest a better plan for the education of these unfortunates, or can point out any improvement I shall thankfully acknowledge it as a benefaction.

I am, yours,

A FRIEND TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

ST. ALBANS.

ON viewing the remains of the Roman city of Verulam, near St. Albans, and the Abbey Church, founded in the ninth century, by Offa, king of Mercia:—

Some secret spirit bids me sing,
And high on soaring pinions mount,
Tho' yet undipt my nestling wing
In Pindus or Parnassus' fount—
How bold th' attempt, untaught, to fly
And seek the realms of Poesy.

Yet see how all around me spread,
Smiling invites my untried powers!
A cloudless sky above my head—
Beneath my feet unnumber'd flowers—
Whilst the blithe lark from out the west
Gay carols ere she sinks to rest.

How calm, how sweet an eve, how fair
The primrose blooms on mossy bank:—
The faeries oft disport them there,
And oft at dawn the herbage rank,
In many a darker circle seen
Shews where their midnight dance has been.

And yon green slopes I now survey
With bushes rough, and void of care,
Have known a brighter—fairer day—
Seen Britons roll the tide of war—
What time the Roman eagle wared
His wings o'er Verulam enslaved.

Yes,* Roman, Verulam was thine,
Tho' purchased at no common rate,
But, oh! far greater Britain's fine,
Concentred in Bonduca's fate;
Yet history's pages still can tell
And proudly how she fought and fell.

There, towering on a neighbouring hill
That once o'er frown'd the battling bands,
Majestic, grand, and perfect still,
The church of Mercian Offa † stands,
Tho' now no more its walls around
Face the shorn monks with solemn sound.

And well—for Superstition there
Her most severe of courts hath kept,
Bear witness many a white-robed fair
Who long 'neath Sopwell's towers† hath slept:
Oh! could ye burst the marble tomb,
And tell how sad your cloister'd doom.

Those days are gone, and with them fled,
The clouds that dimm'd Religion's sun;
And Luther's light around is spread,
And dark Deception's hour-glass run,
Nor more shall sinners, weak with age,
To Zion bend their pilgrimage.

* Ostorius Scapula.

† Almost the only part of the abbey remaining.

‡ A nunnery in ruins not far distant.

And, hark! how o'er the grassy vale
Sound its sweet bells in solemn mood,
Where once gay barks were wont to sail,
Upborne on Ver's collected flood,
Tho' now the musing gayer sees
But lowing herds, or tatted trees.

Thus, mortal, as o'er Nature's face,
What once was lake, now land appears;
So thou a different scene must trace,
To pristine dust resolved for years—
Till Heaven's last trump shall bid thee rise,
An angel form, 'neath purer skies.

ALPHRUS.

LOSS OF THE ABEONA TRANS- PORT BY FIRE.

NARRATIVE OF MR. FISHER, SURGEON
OF THE ABEONA.

IT is with the most painful feelings that I undertake the melancholy duty of giving an account of the destruction of the Abeona transport (No. 36), by fire, in lat. 4. 30. N. long. 25. 30. W., bound to the Cape of Good Hope, with settlers.

About a quarter past twelve o'clock, on the 25th November, when Mr. Duff, the first mate, was serving out the rum in the lazaretto, or store-room, the flame of the candle, it is supposed, communicated accidentally with the spirits, or the other combustible stores. The catastrophe was sudden and awful in the extreme. Every possible exertion was made in handing the water along, by the sailors and settlers, whom I joined and encouraged, until the flames came up in such fury and quantity, that the chance of saving the vessel was irrecoverably lost. Our only alternative now was to get the boats out, to which our attentions were directed, and, happily for us, we got the two gigs, which were on the quarters, and skiff, lowered down; the latter of which was stowed on the booms in the long-boat. The long-boat was the only one remaining on board; it was started from the booms to the gang-way, and we had her almost clear of the bulwarks; the tackle-falls were taken to the windlass, and I continued heaving round, with Mr. Mudge, and some of the sailors and settlers, until the case was hopeless, when Mr. Mudge got into his boat, and I followed him; it happened to be under the larboard bow at the time. We were only a minute or two in the boat, when the main mizen-masts fell overboard, to the larboard side. The fore-mast was now in a blaze, and the scene of horror rapidly increasing—some leaping overboard, and others going out on the bowsprit, who were either knocked off or killed by the fall of the fore-mast, which went directly forward. We saved as many as we prudently thought the boats could swim with, considering the immense distance the

nearest land was from us, and the numerous difficulties we had to contend against; even those in the boats, who beheld their relatives perishing before their eyes, felt constrained to acknowledge that the attempt to save more would only be involving the whole in one common calamity; this, along with the number of women and children that were saved, is a convincing proof of our impartial behaviour. The sight now was the most awful and most distressing that ever was beheld by mortal eye. Without being able to render them any succour, we beheld some of our fellow-creatures throwing themselves from the consuming fire into the unfathomable deep; while others were hanging by ropes, and eagerly clinging to life, which we all so dearly value, though inevitable destruction stared them in the face, whichever way they turned. Being unable to withstand this sad spectacle of human misery, we rowed to some distance from it. We picked up some hammocks, spars, and casks, that were floating by. There were some bacon hams accidentally in one of the boats, and three pigs that were saved, one of which I threw overboard myself, it being handed to me by the cook: we had also about ten pounds of biscuit, and some water that we collected by wringing our drenched clothes. We contemplated making for the coast of South America, but thus provided, and without a compass, for a voyage of nearly six hundred miles, full of hope, indeed, must that mind have been, which could fancy to itself success from the dreary prospect before us;—but it pleased God, in his omniscience, that we should be left living monuments, to tell the dismal fate of those who perished. We resolved to remain within sight of the dreadful conflagration, in hopes that some vessel might see in the night, and make for it in the morning. The burning continued until between three and four o'clock, A.M.—making fifteen hours from the period of the commencement.

When the accident happened, the weather was calm, and continued so during the night, with occasional puffs of wind and heavy falls of rain. At day-light on the 26th, about two miles distant, was descried a vessel, with all sail set, before the wind, and coming towards us; our sensations at the time can be more easily imagined than described. We hailed her, rowed alongside, and asked to be taken on board; which was done with the utmost alacrity. We had then been in the boats about seventeen hours. The captain enquired about the spot where we thought the wreck had been, from six in the morning until twelve o'clock at noon,

In hopes that we might see some poor sufferers floating about on spars; but not even a single vestige of any thing was discovered.

The ship which saved us was a merchant vessel, called the *Condessa da Ponte*, Captain Joaquim Almeida, from Bahia, bound to Lisbon, and, with the exception of one vessel which passed us about five days before, was the first sail we had seen for twenty days previously. The flames of our ship were not observed from the *Condessa da Ponte* during the night. The humanity and kindness that we met with on board this ship redounds very much to the honour of the Portuguese nation. We arrived at Lisbon, Dec. 21, 1820.

Various instances of parental affection and of the most devoted attachment, were exhibited in this dreadful calamity, of which I shall only mention one or two:—Mr. and Mrs. Barrie, from Provan Mill, near Glasgow, appeared to be insensible to their imminent danger, or were wholly engrossed in saving their helpless offspring. Having thrown their eight youngest into the boat, Mrs. Barrie was desired to go into it herself, but she refused, and went in search of her eldest daughter; unfortunately, before she could return, the boat was obliged to put off, and both parents were lost, with their eldest daughter and son, leaving eight orphans—the youngest a boy, only fifteen months old, and whom one of the girls, who is an ornament to human nature, has cherished with all the tenderness of a mother. A person of the name of McFarlane, who had been married but a few days before sailing, plunged overboard, with his wife lashed to his back, and endeavoured to swim towards the boats, but his strength failing, he turned about and made for the vessel again, but unable to catch hold of any thing to which he might cling for support, the unfortunate young couple sunk together.

It is with regret I have to announce the loss of Mr. Duff, the first mate, who was a meritorious young man, although the unfortunate cause of the calamity; and I understand he was the support of an aged mother.

Our good treatment at Lisbon, by Mr. Jeffery, (the British Consul General,) and the gentlemen of the British factory, cannot be spoken of in too high terms; and also the friendship shown us by the Rev. J. H. Siely and Mrs. Siely.

EPIGRAM.

WHAT'S honour? Not 't unjustly fight;
'Tis to own what's wrong, and do what's right.

STANZAS,

Written on seeing the Royal Squadron off Portland, on the King's voyage to Ireland.

BY DR. CAMPBELL.

(For the Mirror.)

Hush'd is the raving of the subject main,
Rude Boreas yields to Zephyrus his way,
While, gliding onwards through the liquid plain,
Britannia's Monarch urges on his way—
He whom the happiest isles of earth obey,
On ocean direful as on land sublime,
Glory around his standard seems to play,
His pendant points to Britain, happy clime,
And bids her history give the sight to latest time;
Bids her record, on adamant page,
The glorious deed that still shall grace his brow;
How, fir'd with all the patriot's noblest rage,
Too tardy for his wishes moves the prow,
(To which the waves in due submission bow,)
A gallant nation to embrace and free,
To rout oppression and alleviate woe,
While Peace, his herald, sounds the blent decree.

Slavery no longer lives—rise, sons of liberty!

The rocks of Mona⁹ hear the glorious sound,
The sea-beat coast reverberates the strain,
Till lofty Snowdon's cliffs with joy rebound,
And Penmaenaur re-echoes it again,
The em'ous Tritons of old Neptune's reign,
Convey the sounds till Wicklow mountains ring,
And tongues of millions on Clontarf's sweet plain,

The anthem due to goodness humbly sing—
Great God of mercy bless long-injur'd Britain's King.

Glorious his arms—speak Waterloo and Nile
Trafalgar, ye can bear record—
The names are dear to all the emerald isle;
Sweet to her eyes the banners of her lord—
The elements and man with heaven accord,
To gratulate and guide him on Love's wing,
Favour him, heaven! See thou his squadron moor'd.

The praise be thine, who didst our Monarch bring,
Glory to God on high! Joy comes with Erin's King.

—A. Angleton.

ON CHURCH BELLS.

(For the Mirror.)

CONNECTED with the subject, the MIRROR has already given us interesting papers on "Bow Bells," "Bells and Bell-Ringing," and, "though fast not least," amusing feature of its pages, "The Village Bells," but they do not ascertain their data, in so clear a manner as could be wished, and may induce the insertion of the present article, which has been collected from different authorities, as containing some further information on their origin.

The invention of bells, such as are hung in towers or steeples of christian churches, is, by Polydore, Virgil, and others, ascribed to Paulinus, Bishop of

Nola, a city of Campania, about the year 400. It is said that the names Nola and Campana, the one referring to the city, the other to the country, were for that reason given to them. In the time of Clothair, King of France, and in the year 610, the army of the king was frightened from the siege of the city of Sens, by ringing the bells of St. Stephen's church. In the times of popery, bells were baptized and anointed, *oleo Christi*; they were exercised, and blessed by the Bishop, from a belief that when these ceremonies were performed, they had power to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fire, and even to recreate the dead. The ritual of these ceremonies is contained in the Roman Pontifical: and it was usual in their baptism to give each bell the name of some saint. In Chauncey's History of Hertfordshire, is the relation of the baptism of a set of bells in Italy with great ceremony, a short time before the writing of that book. The bells of the Priory of Little Dunmow, in Essex, were, anno 1501, new cast and baptized. The bells at Osney Abbey, near Oxford, were also very famous.

In the funeral monuments of Weeves, the Antiquary, are the following particulars relating to bells: "In the little Sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clochier, and placed therein three bells for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel: about the biggest of them were cast in the metal these words:—

"King Edward made me thirte thousand weight
and three;
Take me down, and wey mee, and more you
shall find me."

But these bells being taken down in the reign of King Henry VIII. one writes underneath with a coal:—

"But Henry the Eighth,
Will bait me of my weight."

This last distich alludes to a fact mentioned by Stowe, in his Survey of London: "Ward of Farrington Within, to wit, near St. Paul's School, stood a clochier, in which were four bells, called Jesus bells, the greatest in all England, against which Sir Miles Partridge staked a hundred pounds, and won them of King Henry VIII. at a cast of dice."

It is said that the foundation of the fortunes of the Corsini family in Italy, was laid by an ancestor of it, who at the dissolution of religious houses, purchased the bells of abbeys and other churches, and by the sale of them in other countries, acquired a very great estate. Nevertheless it appears that abroad there are

bells of a great magnitude. In the steeple of the great church at Roan, in Normandy, is a bell with an inscription, which has been thus translated:—

"I am George of Ambola,
Thirty-five thousand in pole;
But he that shall weigh me,
Thirte-six thousand shall find me."

Moscow was formerly celebrated for the number and the size of its bells, many of which were of great weight.

It is a common tradition that the bells of the King's College Chapel, in the University of Cambridge, were taken by Henry V. from some church in France, after the battle of Agincourt. They were taken down some years ago, and sold to Pheeps the bell-founder in Whitechapel, who melted them down.

The practice of ringing bells in change, is said to be peculiar to this country, but the antiquity of it is not easy to be ascertained. There are in London and other places, several societies of ringers, particularly one called the College Youths, and in the life of Sir Mathew Hale, written by Bishop Burnet, some facts are mentioned which favour the report, that, this learned and upright judge was a member in his youth. In England the practice of ringing is reduced to a science, and peals have been composed which bear the names of the inventors. Some of the most celebrated peals (tunes) now known were composed upwards of fifty years ago by one Patrick: this man was a maker of barometers; in his advertisements he styled himself Torricellion operator, from Torricelli, who invented instruments of this kind.

In the year 1684, one Abraham Rudal, of the city of Gloucester, brought the art of bell-founding to great perfection. His descendants in succession have continued the business of casting bells, and by a list published by them, it appeared that at Lady-day, 1774, the family, in peals and odd bells, had cast to the number of 3,564. The peals of St. Dunstan in the East, St. Brides Fleetstreet, and St. Martin in the Fields, Westminster, are in the number.

The following tables are from printed statements.

There are 12 peals of twelve bells in England; seven in London and five in the country, the weight of which are from 22½ cwt. to 51½ cwt. and in Great Britain and Ireland, there are 50 peals of ten bells, 380 peals of eight, 600 peals of six, 500 peals of five, besides upwards of 720 peals of four, three, and two. The heaviest single bells in England are at the following cities and towns:—

			Ton. Cwt.
Oxford	the Mighty Tom	weighing	7 15
Exeter	the Great Tom	ditto	6 0
London, St. Paul's... ..	the Tom Growler	ditto	5 0
Lincoln	the Great Tom (and best bell)	ditto	4 14
Canterbury Cathedral	clock bell	ditto	3 10
Gloucester College	clock bell	ditto	3 5
Beverley Minster	clock bell	ditto	2 10

These seven great bells weigh together..... 32 14

The following ingenious table shows the full extent of changes that can be produced on each number of bells, viz.—

A peal of	2 bells produces.....	Changes.
3	ditto	3
4	ditto	6
5	ditto	24
6	ditto	102
7	ditto	720
8	ditto	5,040
9	ditto	40,320
10	ditto	362,880
11	ditto	3,628,800
12	ditto	39,916,800
		479,001,600

F. R.—r.

ORIGIN OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—When the Spaniards took possession of America they found that the natives, from the feebleness of their frame, from indolence, or from the injudicious manner of treating them, were incapable of the exertions needful to work the mines or cultivate the earth. Eager to find hands more industrious and efficient, the Spaniards had recourse to their neighbours the Portuguese, who then held a sufficient intercourse with Africa, to supply them with negro slaves; experience soon discovered that the Africans were men of a more hardy race, and much better fitted for enduring fatigue: and that the labour of one negro was computed to be equal to that of four Americans, from that time the number employed in the New World increased with rapid progress. In this practice the Spaniards were unhappily imitated by all the nations in Europe who held territories in America. At one period the number of negro slaves in the settlements of Great Britain and France in the West Indies, exceeded a million, could the numbers have been ascertained with equal exactness in the Spanish dominions and North America, the total number might have been as many more.

Most certainly this execrable traffic would have continued to this hour, but for the glorious interposition of humane Britons.

LECTOR.

A SKETCH ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.

..... released from rougher toll,
I pass a melancholy pleasing hour. Aeneas.

Roll placidly, thou crystal stream,
While on thy bosom of delight
Enamoured Phoebus cools his beam,
And scatters pearls of dawning light.

But lest his rays too fervid prove,
And spoil the freshness they would share
Mild Zephyrus, with lips of love,
Breathes chastened gales of fragrance there.

Reflected in thy glassy fane,
The landscape shines serenely gay,
Where rosy blooms, in thick embrace,
Announce the birth of laughing May.

Encased with mail, the finny brood
More devils through their native deep,
Or mirthful, or enticed by food,
Above the surface boldly leap.

The watchful angler this describes,
And soon presents the tempting lure;
The fish dart eager for the prize,
And seal their own destruction sure.

So fatal snares in every path
The nobler race of man enchant—
Elate we seize the glittering death,
And lack the wisdom fishes want.

Fancy invents a thousand schemes,
Unreal as the splendid bow;
We revel in the flattering dreams,
Nor till too late our folly know.

Commerce, with clamorous buzz, no more
Disturbs this sweet, sequestered nook;
'Tis stillness all, save dash of oar,
Or plaintive fall of neighbouring brook.

Amidst the vanities of earth
A sigh will oft escape the heart,
For solid pleasures, things of worth,
That live, when shadows shall depart.

Happy, who here may rest awhile,
Ere Time's declining glass be run,
And welcome, with a grateful smile,
The cloud that veils their setting sun.

Netinks, the never-dying rose,
By Thomson sung in Thames's praise,
Upon the breeze now glides along,
And claims anew unwinding bays.

In yonder pile^o his ashes sleep,
Spring sheds her blossoms o'er his urn:
Tither the Muses go to weep—
His story there relate in turn.

Philoela the saddened strain
Pours wildly through her darksome brake,
Till roddy morn begins to reign,
And meaner birds from slumber wake.

Borne onward by the swelling tide,
Floats many a torn, untimely flower:
Ah! what avails our nature's pride
To shield in Desolation's hour!

Coy beauty's charms—the gaudes of state,
Fade as the gems of early dew;
Enjoyments of an earthly date,
Though fair, are transitory too.

Whate'er our lot, where'er we roam,
A voice prophetic meets our ear—
"MORTAL! PURSUE THE BEST TO COME—"
ALL, ALL IS VOID AND FLEETING HERE!"

* Richmond church.

B. C.

THE LILY.

SHOULD the rude wind too roughly blow,
Then would you gem of living snow
Droop o'er its parent bed!
And though the mildest breeze should play,
Nor evening's dew, nor morning's ray,
Could raise its weeping head!

Ah! thus by dark suspicion's breath
The rose of love was chilled to death,
Never to blossom more!
In vain did hope contend with fears,
Nor sweetest smiles, nor softest tears,
Could e'er that rose restore.

††

MADRIGAL.

From the French of Cocquard.

I FEEL when I see you a joy past expressing;
When no longer I see you in anguish I fall;
Ah, to see you for ever would mine were the
blessing,
Or would that I never had seen you at all!

††

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity!

True, lady, by the roses on those lips,
Both man and woman would find life a waste,
But for the cunning of—Curiosity!
She's the world's witch, and through the world
she runs.

The merriest masquer underneath the moon!
To beauties, languid from the last night's rout,
She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders
wrap
In morning shawls; and by their pillow sits,

Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,
Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace,
The hundredth Novel of the Great Unknown!
And then they smile, and rub their eyes, and
yawn,

And wonder what's o'clock, then sink again;
And thus she sends the pretty fools to sleep.
She comes to ancient dames,—and stiff as steel,
In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
She makes their rigid muscles gray with news
Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,
Blue-stocking frailties, cards, and ratiada;
And thus she gives them prattle for the day.
She sits by ancient politicians, bowed
As if a hundred years were on her back;
Then peering through her spectacles, she reads
A seeming journal, stuff'd with monstrous tales,
Of Turks and Tartars; deep conspiracies,
(Born in the writer's brain;) of spots in the sun
Pregnant with fearful wars. And so they shake,
And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.
And thus she makes the world, both young and
old,

Bow down to sovereign CURIOSITY!
Pride shall have a Fall.

WOMAN.

What's woman's wit,
Gentle and simple, toiling for thro' life,
From fourteen to fourscore and upwards: Man!
What are your sleepless midnighta for, your
rouls,
That turns your skins to parchment? Why, for
Man!

What are your cobweb robes, that, spite of frost,
Show neck and knee to Winter? Why, for Man!
What are your harps, pianos, simpering songs
Languish'd to lutes? All for the monster, Man!
What are your rouge, your jewels, waltzes, wigs,
Your scoldings, scribblings, eatings, drinkings,
for?

Your morn, noon, night? For Man! Ay, Man,
man, man!

Ibid.

MUSIC.

Oh, silver sounds! whence are ye? From the
thrones,
That spirits make of the empurpled clouds,
Or from the sparkling waters, or the hills,
Upon whose leafy brows the evening star
Lies like a diadem! O, silver sounds!
Breathe round me till love's mother, slow-paced
Night,
Hears your deep summons in her shadowy cell.
Ibid.

CUSTOMS OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ON the birth of Charles the Seventh of
France, his mother hung her apartments
with green, which then became the colour
appropriated to queens alone; but pre-
vious to that period, princesses, with
better taste, had adopted that colour
which is emblematic of infant innocence.

On the day of baptism, preparatory to
total immersion at the font, the infant
was laid on the bed of the chamber of
parade enveloped in a mantle of cloth of
gold, lined with ermine, but otherwise
quite naked. A *couvre-chef*, or wrap-
ping quilt of violet silk, covered the head,
and hung down over the mantle. All

who took part in the ceremony assembled in the chamber of parade. The child was carried by the most illustrious of its female relatives, and the cumbersome mantle was borne up by the next in rank.

The bearer of the infant was supported by the most exalted of its male relatives, followed by three others carrying wax tapers, a covered goblet containing salt, and two gold basins (the one covering the other) containing rose water for the font. Before these royal personages walked a long line of torch-bearers, two and two; others were stationed on each side of the space the procession was to pass, from the palace or castle, up to the font of the baptistery. The streets, the body of the church, and the font, were hung with tapestry, silk, or cloth of gold; and a splendid bed, richly draped in front of the choir of the church, marked the highest rank. As soon as the ceremony of baptism was concluded, the sponsors and their attendants assembled in the apartment of the mother, when the infant was laid beside her. A matron of royal birth presented the drageoir or confection-box to her immediate superior, and was followed by another bearing the spiced wines (*hypocras* or *pimento*). A less noble matron served those who held the rank of princess of the second degree, that is, counts or barons, lords or fiefs; whilst these still inferior, as simple knights not bannerets, or the minor officers of the household, were served by an unmarried lady of gentle blood.

On common occasions, the office of serving guests was performed by the gallantry of the men; but it was the peculiar privilege of the female sex to dispense the refreshments which were offered to all who entered the natal apartments for the space of a month. When the period arrived for the mother to appear again in public, she was placed at the side of the bed in the chamber of ceremony, habited in her most sumptuous robes, and was conducted by princes and knights to the church, preceded by minstrels and trumpets, as when espoused. At the altar she presented three gifts borne by three noble ladies of her suite—a candle, with a piece of gold inclosed, a loaf of bread rolled up in a napkin, and a cup filled with wine. The attendant ladies kissed these offerings as they delivered them to the princess, and she kissed the patina each time the priest presented it to receive them, it being esteemed a mark of respect to kiss whatever was presented to a superior. When the ceremony was finished, she was reconducted to the palace in the same state.

The various gradations of rank on such

occasions were marked in the middle ages by a variety of minute circumstances. A countess, for instance, could have but *three shelves* in her buffet, on which she might place but *two* confection-boxes. The hangings of her apartments could not be hung with satin or damask, but she was obliged to be contented with silk of an inferior quality, tapestry, or embroidery on silk. These regulations show how various must have been the products of the loom, when tapestry and embroidery in silk were assigned to the inferior ranks. The coverlet of a countess was of *meuse vair* (that is, *petit gris*) in lieu of ermine, and the lining might only appear beneath the fur *half a yard*, whilst an additional quarter marked the royal rank. The canopy of her buffet must consist of velvet, not of cloth of gold, and must not be bordered with a different colour or texture. The number and form of the very pillows were exactly regulated. One restriction appears to our ideas peculiarly strange—it was the exclusive privilege of a royal dame to place her couch opposite the fire, or fire-place; and the punctilious author of "The Ceremonies of the Court" observes, that all is going wrong in the world, since some unprivileged ladies of the low countries had presumed to set their couches opposite the fire, "for which they were justly ridiculed by all." Modern lenity might, perhaps, suggest an excuse for the dangerous innovation in the humid atmosphere of their climate.

Historical Life of Joanna of Sicily.

TRIBES OF THE CAUCASUS.

THE Tchetchinzi are masters in the art of robbery; in the pursuit of which they show no pity, even for their countrymen. If a Tchetchintz get the better of another in single combat, the victor will strip and put him to death; but if one of these people seize an European, he will plunder his prisoner, yet preserve his life in hope of ransom. Notwithstanding such a continual system of pillage, the very profession of a Tchetchintz, his dwelling is a mere den, destitute of every convenience; his bed a skin placed by the hearth; his food, coarse bread, half baked, which he eats in a smoking state, with half-roasted meat; these, with ardent spirits, of which they are particularly fond, are their luxuries. As long as the pillaged provision lasts, the watch remains idle, and want alone drives him to active exertion in search of more. The Tchetchinzi do not take much trouble about agriculture; they cultivate only a little barley and wheat, with some tobacco and onions. The women perform all the

domestic offices, while the men give themselves no care but in the chase and robbery. They are of a middling height, and very hardy. When influenced by fear or mistrust they can be obliging, and are particularly so to the rich, or to strangers, in hope of some profit. Their arms consist of a fusil, a sabre, and a dagger; sometimes also they carry a lance with a shield. The Tchetchinits never goes out of his house without being armed, if only with a stick, at the end of which is fixed a ball of iron having three triangular points; this murderous weapon they call a *toppus*.

The Osaitinians differ little from the Tchetchinits; they use bows and arrows, although their usual arm is a fusil. They are great boasters and quarrellers, threatening each other continually, either with a gun, a dagger, or the bow: usually, however, they content themselves by making a great uproar, and are quickly friends again; if any third person will celebrate the reconciliation with a glass of brandy, or a draught of their country beer, which is very strong. Their houses are, for the most part, enclosed by a wall or paling, surmounted with horses' heads and other bones.

Upon the death of an Osaitinian, his widow shrieks, tears her hair and face, and beats her bosom; but frequently this despair is only occasioned by the impossibility of her ever marrying again: she pretends at every moment to be ready to kill herself with a knife or a stone, to drown herself, or to cast herself from the top of some rock; but is as invariably withheld by her neighbours, who never leave her during the three days of mourning. These friends employ the next three days in administering consolation to the widow, and in eating and drinking at her expense; while the conversation consists in praises of the deceased, who is usually soon after forgotten.

Letters from the Caucasus.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

A MAJOR in the Russian service, a man of great bravery, the scourge of these fellows, who had sworn vengeance against him, was passing a wood with a small detachment, when the Tchetchinits attacked him in superior numbers; but he defended himself with great intrepidity. Already had he lost many of his party, and perceived their ammunition to be nearly expended; when the enemy, who wanted only to secure the Major, proposed to cease fighting, if he alone would yield himself up. In order to spare the few of his comrades, who survived, he

resolved to sacrifice his own person; and was followed by a single soldier, attached to his personal service, who would not abandon his master. The others returned, and the Tchetchinits carried off the captive to their haunts. It is impossible to describe the torments which this unfortunate officer, abandoned to the malice of his persecutors, had to suffer in prison. Even the women came every day to pluck at his beard, to tear his nails, to pinch him, and to spit in his face; indeed, had it not been for the assistance of his faithful servant, who was left at liberty, he must have died of hunger and vexation.

The jailer and his family chanced to be fond of music; so, when they learnt the Major was acquainted with the guitar, they obliged him to play day and night upon an instrument of that description, which the petty tyrant put into his hand. This circumstance revived the Major's hopes; and, with his faithful follower, he concerted a plan for their escape. The old jailer liked to be lulled asleep in the evenings by the guitar; after which his wife was in the habit of putting the prisoner into his irons again. Upon the evening fixed for their flight, the Major played on the guitar as usual; the jailer was already asleep, and the soldier pretended to be so; the old woman was the only one awake. When she approached the Major to put on his chains, the soldier sprang upon her, and killed her by one blow of a hatchet, with which he had taken care to provide himself; the same weapon served to dispatch the jailer: but the most pressing necessity could not induce them to sacrifice a boy ten years old, who awoke, although the murderous instrument was thrice raised for the purpose, and, by sparing the lad, the risk of surprise was considerably increased. To add to their distress, they were in the dark, the fire was out, and they had to search for the key of the door. What a situation for these unhappy creatures! Amidst the corpses, in perfect darkness, and in a state of the utmost alarm, they were ready to turn the hatchet against themselves, when fortunately the soldier found the key. The two captives hurried from their prison, carrying in their arms the boy whom pity had preserved; and both mounting instantly upon a horse they found in the stable, they took the child up with them, and committing themselves to Providence, quitted the village with all possible speed. The least noise made them start; in their fright they lost the road, and, to complete their misfortune, fell in with some Tchetchinits, who laid hold of them. To these they told their tale, and met with compassion,

although from Tchetchinzi, who called them *Konaks*, by which they mean guests, *protégés*, and friends. However, the compassion of a Tchetchintz is very liable to suspicion: and it might on this occasion have been excited by a natural hope of gain, in their protection of the runaways.

The new captors took them to their abode, shut them up in an out-of-the-way room, and gave information to the Russian government of what had happened. In the mean time, the Major's enemies, exasperated at the murders committed, and at his escape, sought for him in every direction, and came to the actual spot where the fugitives were. The Tchetchinzi, however, faithful to their oath, pretended ignorance of the occasion of their countrymen's arrival; who, close to the Major's place of concealment, made a horrible noise, swearing eternal vengeance against their lost prisoners. At length a Russian messenger arrived, and set the Major free.—*Ibid.*

ON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

For myself, I entertain an almost invincible abhorrence to the taking away the life of man, after a set form and in cool blood, in any case whatever. The very circumstance that you have the man in your power, and that he stands defenceless before you to be disposed of at your discretion, is the strongest of all persuasives that you should give him his life. To fetter a man's limbs, and in that condition to shed his blood like the beasts who serve us for food, is a thought to which, at first sight, we are astonished the human heart can ever be reconciled. The strongest case that can be made in its favour, is where, as in this business of Strafford, the public cause, and the favourable issue of that cause seem to demand it.—*Godwin's History of the Commonwealth.*

The Nobelist.

No. XLIX.

GRATITUDE,

A PERSIAN TALE.

RUSTEM, who once swayed the sceptre of Persia, was negligent of business and a slave to pleasure. His jeweller was the most important personage at his court. To him he committed the education of his son, Narwan; and the preceptor, whose heart lusted after wealth, insinuated avarice into the mind of the youth. A Jew from Aleppo one day brought precious stones of the greatest beauty to the sultan's seraglio for sale. Prince Narwan insisted on having them at a price arbitrarily fixed by himself, and when the Jew threatened to complain of this treatment to the sultan, the prince ordered his slaves to beat him so unmercifully, that the poor fellow expired under the blows of his tormentors.

After some time, Rustem was informed of this circumstance: he was exceedingly incensed against Salem, the jeweller, and banished him from his court. The prince too was exiled to a distant palace.

Salem withdrew, and immediately set out to leave the dominions of the sultan. He had reached a wood, when he had the misfortune to fall into a wolf-pit, in which there were already three prisoners, a lion, an ape, and a serpent. Salem passed a whole day in the company of these animals, in continual fear of being torn in pieces. At length a man appeared on the brink of the pit; and when he cried

ELEGY BY A SCHOOL-BOY.

- 'How blest was I at Dobson's hall!
The fiddlers come, my partner chosen
My oranges were five in all,
Alas! they were not half a dozen!
- 'For soon a richer rival came,
And soon the bargain was concluded;
My Peggy took him without shame,
And left me hopeless and deuded.
- 'To leave me for an orange more!
Could not your pockets full content ye?
What could you do with all that store?
He had but six, and five were plenty.
- 'And mine were biggest, I protest,
For some of his were only penny ones,
While mine were all the very best,
As juicy, large, and sweet as any one's.
- 'Could I have thought, ye beaux and belles,
An orange would have so undone me!
Or any thing the greaser sells,
Could move my fair one thus to shun me!
- 'All night I sat in fixed disdain,
While hornpipes numberless were hobbled;
I watch'd my mistress and her swain,
And saw his paltry present gobbled.
- 'But when the country-dance was call'd,
I could have cried with pure vexation:
For by the arms I saw her haul'd,
And led triumphant to her station.
- 'What other could I think to take?
Of all the school she was the tallest;
What choice worth making could I make,
None left me, but the very smallest!
- 'But now all thoughts of her adieu!
'This is no time for such diversion;
Mistr's Introduction lies in view,
And I must write my Latin version.
- 'Yet all who that way are inclined,
This lesson learn from my undoing;
Unless your pockets are well lined,
'Tis labour lost to go a wooing.

Bachelor's Wife.

out lustily for help, the stranger let down a rope, for the purpose of liberating the half-dead jeweller: but the ape was too quick for Salem, and catching hold of the rope, was drawn up by the traveller. Perceiving the amazement of the stranger at his unexpected appearance, he thus addressed him: "Repent not of saving my life. Brutes are more grateful than men; and depend upon it, thou wilt get no good by it, if thou deliverest the man down yonder: but shouldst thou ever want my assistance, thou mayst reckon upon it with confidence. I live at the foot of the next mountain."

The traveller built very little on the fine promises of the ape, and let down the rope a second time into the pit; but this time the lion got before the man, and was drawn up, to the terror of the stranger. He also expressed his acknowledgments to his deliverer, and promised, when opportunity should offer, to manifest his gratitude. The same thing happened the third time with the serpent, and Salem was the last that was drawn out. He loaded the stranger with assurances of his everlasting gratitude, and expressed in his conversation so deep a sense of justice and religion, that the traveller deemed himself fortunate in having rescued a philosopher from destruction. Salem besought his benefactor to accompany him to his habitation, hoping, by means of his extraordinary story, to regain the favour of the sultan: but as the stranger was not to be diverted from the object of his journey, he parted from him with cordial and repeated assurances of his eternal obligations.

Achmet—such was the name of the stranger—pursued his way to India, and was so successful in his speculations there, that he set out on his return, enriched with diamonds of the greatest value. He had arrived at the spot where he had rescued Salem and the three animals from the wolf-pit, and the remembrance of this good deed gave him particular pleasure. All at once he was attacked by robbers: plundered of his treasures, and bound to a tree, he found himself exposed to a lingering death by hunger in the wilderness. In this melancholy condition, he was rejoicing by the appearance of the very ape whom he had a year before delivered from the pit. The grateful animal gnawed to pieces the cords that bound him, and conducted him to a cavern, where he appeased his hunger with fruit of various kinds: he then hastened to the cave where the robbers of Achmet dwelt, and carrying off a bag full of gold and the finest garments, joyfully brought his booty to his benefactor; and when the

latter had dressed himself, he went with him, and led him out of the forest. But they had not gone far, before they were met by a tremendous lion, who obstructed the way, and opened his immense jaws as if to swallow them up. Achmet shuddered, but he was soon relieved from his apprehensions; for the lion proved to be the same whose life he had saved twelve months before. The lion requested Achmet to accompany him to his den, and begging him to remain there till he should come back, he hastened away. The palace to which Prince Narwan was exiled was not far from the forest. The lion ran thither, and finding the prince walking abroad, he fell upon him and tore him in pieces; but his exceedingly rich turban, adorned with jewels, he brought as a present to Achmet, whom he then conducted to the environs of the city, in which Salem, late jeweller to the sultan, resided.

Achmet, moved by the generosity and gratitude of the two animals, promised himself still more cordial demonstrations of acknowledgment from a man who was under equal obligations to him; and went straightway to Salem, who received him very courteously, and after listening with astonishment to the new wonderful adventure with the ape and the lion, solemnly protested that he would not be surpassed by those animals in generosity and grateful attachment.

The death of the prince was already known to the whole city. Salem had recognised the turban in Achmet's possession as being the same which the prince had worn; and as soon as his guest had lain down to sleep, the perfidious jeweller repaired to the sultan. "Mighty ruler of the world!" said he, "the murderer of thy son is in my house. I have seen the turban of the prince, with all the costly jewels that adorn it, in the hands of my guest. There can be no doubt that he is his murderer. Give orders, O king! that he be brought to thy feet." This was done forthwith, and Achmet was conducted into the presence of the sultan. He was ignorant how the lion had come by the richly decorated turban, nor had he heard till that moment of the death of the prince. But when he saw Salem by the side of the sultan, it was clear to him that his host had betrayed his treasures to the sultan, and he was sorry that he had not followed the advice of the ape, who had predicted, that he would have reason to repent it if he released the man out of the pit.

Achmet was condemned to be paraded through the whole city on an ass, and then to be thrown in a gloomy dungeon. This sentence was immediately executed;

and there he lay in the dungeon, deeply deploring his melancholy fate, when the very same serpent which he had delivered out of the pit, approached him. It informed him, that the lion had killed the prince, and then said, "I am now come to be grateful to thee for thy kindness. Take this herb; it is an antidote to the strongest poison. I have bitten the sultan's daughter, and thou alone wilt be able to cure her. Tell thy jailer what a wonderful herb thou possessest."—Achmet did not fail to comply; and he was quickly conducted to the princess, who was sick unto death. The sultan was beside himself for joy when he saw his daughter instantaneously restored, and ordered the man who had saved her so miraculously to be rewarded with the choicest gifts. But Achmet seized this favourable opportunity to avail himself of the sultan's favour for his justification. He first related to him the deliverance of the ape, the lion, and the serpent, and afterwards the circumstances of the prince's death. Salem's ingratitude he mentioned with indignation at his inhuman perfidy, and implored the sultan to decree his punishment. The sultan was highly incensed at Salem's baseness; he ordered him to be immediately seized and beheaded in the public place. But Achmet, loaded with presents, proceeded to his own home.

And thus this story teaches us, not to bestow confidence on any one whose integrity we have not tried.

Select Biography.

No. V.

ELEANOR GWYN.

THE maternal founder of the St. Alban's family was a very singular woman, and an extraordinary instance of the caprice of fortune. This family is of royal origin, being descended from Charles II. in consequence of an intercourse with Eleanor Gwyn. Charles their son, born in Lincoln's Inn Fields, May 8, 1670, on whom that monarch conferred the name of Blaeucler, was ennobled, by letters patent, having a Barony, an Earldom, and Dukedom conferred on him in succession. He was made by King William, one of the bedchambers, and Captain of the Band of Pensioners, and sent by that King to France, to congratulate the marriage of the Duke of Burgundy.

The origin of this person was of the lowest rank, and her employment in that city, where one of her descendants enjoys

the emoluments of the prelacy, of the most inferior kind; indeed, it is there, or in the neighbourhood, that the tradition of the place supposes her to have been born. From thence, by one of the many transitions which transplant individuals of the labouring class from one place to another, she became an inhabitant of the metropolis, and the servant of a fruiterer, who was probably one of those who attended the play-house, as it appears that in this character she first obtained admission into the theatre in Drury Lane. What favour of fortune advanced her from this humble situation to the stage, whether from the general recommendation which her natural humour and vivacity gave her, or a passion which Mr. Hart, the player, had for her is unknown. It is certain, she was a favourite of Dryden's, who gave her the most thew and alluring parts in his comedies, and wrote several prologues and epilogues expressly for her. The first notice we have of Miss Eleanor Gwyn is in 1668, when she appeared in Dryden's play of "Secret Love." It appears that her person was small, and that she was negligent of her dress; but she possessed the powers of captivity in no small degree, but the more immediate cause of her becoming an object of the monarch's affection was as follows:

At the Duke's house, under Killigrew's patent, the celebrated Nokes had appeared in a hat larger than Pistol's, which pleased the audience so much as to help off a bad play; Dryden caused a hat to be made of the circumference of a large coach-wheel, and as she was low in stature,* made her speak an epilogue under the umbrella of it, with its brim stretched out in its most horizontal extension. No sooner did she appear in this strange dress, than the house was in convulsions of laughter. Among the rest, the king gave the fullest proof of approbation, by going behind the scenes immediately after the play, and taking her home in his own coach to supper with him.

After this elevation, she still continued on the stage, and though in general comedy, she did not rank with Betterton, Marshall, Lee, Bourell, &c. for the airy fantastic, and sprightly exhibitions of the comic muse, her genius was most aptly calculated, and according to the taste of those times, she was considered the best

* In her person, according to her picture by Lely, she was low in stature, red haired, and what the French call *en bon point*. There is a bust now to be seen of her at Baginbun, Wexford, formerly her country house. She had remarkable small but lively eyes; her foot was of the most diminutive size, and used to be the subject of much mirth to her merry paramour.

prologue and epilogue speaker on either theatre.

It now remains to consider her as the mistress of a king, and here she nobly belied the baseness of her origin: she met and bore her good fortune, as if she had been bred to it, discovering neither avarice, pride, nor ostentation; she remembered all her theatrical friends, and did them services; she generously paid off her debt of gratitude to Dryden, and was the patroness of Otway and Lee.

When she became more immediately connected with the king, that gay monarch was already surrounded with mistresses, that were known to have been unrestrained in their conduct. Cibber observes:—"that she had less to be laid on her charge than any other of those ladies who are in the same state of preferment: she never meddled in matters of serious moment, or was the tool of working politicians: never broke into those amorous infidelities which others are accused of; but was as visibly distinguished by her particular personal inclination to the king, as her rivals were by their titles and grandeur." This character the following anecdote clearly illustrates:—being once solicited by a Sir John Germain, to whom she had lost a considerable sum of money at play, to exchange the debt for other favours, she so less honestly than wittily replied, "No, Sir John, I am too good a sports-woman to lay the dog where the deer should lie." Nevertheless Bishop Burnet terms her "the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court;" but adds, "that she continued to the end of the king's life in great favour; and was maintained at a vast expense."

She was not only the favourite of the monarch, but the favourite of the people, and, though that age abounded with satires and lampoons against the spot of the king's favourites, as the causes of political disasters, Mrs. Gwyth, except in the instance of a few lines written by Lord Rochester, not only escaped, but even met their approbation, as she never troubled herself with politics. She was munificent in her charities, sociable with her friends, and what was singular enough, piqued herself on her regard for the Church of England, contrary to the then disposition of the court.

She had a very fine understanding, was humorous, witty, and possessed the talents so necessary to enliven conversation in an eminent degree, and generally kept her place at table with the King, the Lord Rochester, Shaftsbury, &c. till they quitted the bounds of decency, when she never failed to retire. She lived long enough to

see, and without doubt to lament the decline of that family which had raised her to rank and fortune, having the good sense to avoid meddling with the politics of the times.

After the king's death, Pennant, in his "London" states, that she lived in St. James's Square, (and according to tradition, the back room and ceiling on the ground floor were entirely of looking-glass) many years with an unblemished reputation, and where she died in 1691, and was buried with great funeral solemnity in the parish church of St. Martin in the Fields, to the ringers of which, among other valuable donations, she left a sum of money to supply them with a weekly entertainment, which they enjoy to this day.

Dr. Tension, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon, a circumstance which did not hurt his preferment during the reign of Queen Anne.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Venue's is requested to call on Mr. Lane as soon as he can conveniently.

We agree with *F. N. D.*; but the author he vindicates needs no defence.

The *Epithet* address is too local for us. We thank *R. M. D.*, but his epistle is too well known.

We admire the sentiment of *Modak*, but our Memoir is not political.

We sincerely thank *Jonathan Dean* and *H. R.* The selection of *G. O. W.* is not very choice.

The Epitaph of *C. R. S.* is somewhat profane. We shall not take "Fright from an unpublished Novel."

N. D. T. is good, but we have done with the subject.

We admire the economy of the *Attorney's Clerk*, who keeps a wife and six children on twenty-four shillings a week, but we cannot bestow two pages on him.

We must follow *Z. Y.*'s example, and send the gin-shop idolaters to the tomb of all the Capulets.

To *Veritas*.—We never meddle with family affairs.

Dr. Pangloss has not sent us any novelty. *Romaldo* was received.

The *Marble Fount of Fama*, and the *Comrade in Buckinghamshire*, "copied from a MS. collection," appear in the same justification in the "Cabinet of Curiosities," as did the article on the *Secundity of Flea*, sent by the same correspondent.—O! *de Jacobus*.

The following communications are, for various reasons, inadmissible:—

F. G. A.: *Bonus*; *W. G. B.*; *I. O. U.*; *The Mysterious Assassin*; *Saint M. A.*; *The Dying Sailor*; *Autops*; *A Rider*; *T. P.*; *The Packet*; *Quid Nescio*; *R. M.*; *Samuel Tynnan*; *R. B. to his Friends*; *S. H.*; *St. G.*; *O. T.*; *N.*

We deal not in *Riddles*, *Reveries*, *Comedians*, or *Charades*.

Farther answers in our next.

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